

UNITY.

FREEDOM, + FELLOWSHIP + AND + CHARACTER + IN + RELIGION.

VOL. VII.

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NOTES.

Only that which is built upon the eternal rock of rectitude endures. Righteousness is the moral granite that lasts.

Not pleasure, but duty, should decide the question as to whether you attend the St. Louis conference next month or not.

The social sentiment is the latest product of evolution. Not our concern for ourselves, but our concern for others, measures our civilization.

William Henry Channing is vexed at his friends that they did not tell him, while he was in this country, of Rev Heber Newton, whom he calls the "illuminated seer." He would have been willing to have walked from Boston to New York for the sake of a face to face interview.

The January number of the German free religious journal, *Reform Blaetter*, edited by that able and venerable champion of radical faith, Dr. Rupp, Senior, of Königsberg, Prussia, contains an appreciative notice of *UNITY*, in which it recognizes a kindred spirit and aim.

Infancy is unsectarian. The first child we meet shames our partizanship. In baby-garden there are no Episcopalian, Methodistic or Unitarian hedges. Not in

Bethlehem only, but wherever on the broad earth, whether in stable or palace, the cry of a welcome babe is heard, causing the bells of heaven to ring in the heart of the mother, there is the Messiah, the Prince of Peace, the Reconciler, born anew.

A writer in *The Independent* quotes Bishop Harris as saying that "the Methodist church spends more for chewing and smoking than it gives towards converting the world." We are sorry to think that there is nothing sectarian about tobacco. The burning shame drains many another missionary fund.

A well-known member of the Chicago bar, on being asked his opinion about hell, replied, "After close observation, I discover that the preachers have a habit of consigning to hell those whom I most respect, while they send to heaven those who, it seems to me, do not amount to much in this world; hence, I infer that while heaven doubtless has the advantage in point of climate, hell has the unquestioned advantage in point of society."

The Prohibitory Law of Kansas goes into effect May 1st. Profiting by the experience of Maine and Massachusetts, the experiment is to be tried under more favorable circumstances than ever before. We wait with interest the result. The educational power of a law high above the practical standards of a large number of citizens on the one hand, and the debilitating and perhaps the hardening tendencies of outward coercion on the other. Which is the stronger influence?

"There is not a crime rung upon the counter of this world
But takes its proper change out still in crime. Let sinners look to it."

The clergy of England are raising an united cry against the iniquitous Chinese Opium Trade. Mr. Badland, in *The Christian Life*, states the nation's responsibility in the matter thus tersely—"Victoria, the Empress of India, a wholesale poisoner." True, England realizes £10,000,000 annually from this trade, but then it also reaps the wretched reward of crime, degradation and war. Herder said, "The Devil is a fool."

No more practical sermon has been preached in Chicago for many a month than that recently delivered by Rev. Brooke Herford, of the Church of the Messiah, on Chicago's need of "A Weekly Half-Holiday." His

argument for a cessation of business on Saturday afternoon was not only urged on theoretical grounds, but on the practical experience of Manchester and other large cities in England. Mr. Herford is following up his sermon with direct appeal to the business men of our city. If he succeeds, generations of children will rise up to call him blessed.

The Chicago Public Library now contains 75,638 volumes, and it issues an average of 1,404 volumes daily. There has been an increase of 94 per cent., this last year, of persons who visit the reference department, and ten times as many books are used in the reading-room. For the three last Sundays in March, books were issued to visitors in reading room, increasing the attendance 123 per cent., which now reaches an average of 1,035 persons a Sunday. We suspect that there would be a proportionate decrease in the statistics of Sunday dissipation could they be collected.

A few years ago Boston erected a mammoth church, at a cost of over a million dollars, that Phillips Brooks might have a building worthy of his genius, to preach in. Externally it is a questionable pile of expensive stone. Boston is undecided as to whether it is a credit or a reproach to its architectural taste. Internally it is gloomy elegance, filled with an *air* quite foreign to the genial, practical gospel of this Humanitarian in robes. Now Harvard University has called Mr. Brooks to the chair recently vacated by Dr. Peabody. Should the great preacher decide that he can carry on his life's work without the help of a million dollar church, what will Boston do with this pile of stones? Is there another Phillips Brooks? Nature rarely issues duplicates.

The Independent of the 7th, devotes nearly a page to Sunday School Hymn and Tune Books, and deals in more solid sense and practical wisdom than we have ever before seen in the columns of any paper on this subject. The majority of S. S. Hymns it characterizes as "defective in substance, mistaking an unnatural sentimentalism for simplicity." The authors, in trying to secure intellectual simplicity, forget that the child is not ready for the sentiments of a man. Many of the hymns are little better than lessons in "morbid emotion," they are "vapid and empty." The music, instead of being the "first step to congregational song," is generally of the "Rub-a-dub-dub, Pop-goes-the-weasel and Shoo-fly kind," or else a weak attempt "to march the children into a Christian mood." This language is none too strong, and we are glad that so influential a paper as *The Independent* has made this most timely protest. We are glad to announce, in this connection, that Mr. Blake's Part II. of "Sunday School Songs and Services" is all in type, and

before our next issue the new edition, containing thirteen services and forty-two hymns and tunes, will be in the market. The author of this book is most religiously committed to this work of elevating and ennobling the Song Services of our Sunday Schools.

In "Notes from the Field" will be discovered the item of news we so heroically suppressed in a previous number,—the securing of a new home for us, and the organization of the Channing Club. This home, we hope, will be much more than a business office for the Secretary of the W. U. C., and editorial rooms for UNITY. It will be the reading-room for the Colegrove Book Co., where the latest book can be quickly inspected; it will be the down town parlor of Chicago Unitarians, the class room of the Women's Liberal Union, and the reception room provided by the Unitarian gentlemen of Chicago for the Unitarian ministry and laity throughout the West. The latch-string will soon be out to all our readers who visit the city. Remember the number, 40 Madison St., Chicago.

If the rhetoric of the revivalist is to be realized, and heaven is to be a place for crowns, Mr. Kimball's will be begemmed, not with souls, but with church mortgages. Already he has one hundred and sixty of these paper stars in his belt, which have cost his victims eleven million dollars to redeem. This is good work. Particularly if these victims do not make of their reluctant generosity an excuse for future stinginess, hoarding the money they ought to invest in good schemes with easier consciences for the memory of their compulsory gifts. The world still waits a greater than Kimball, that is to come. He who will save our churches, not from mortgages made, but from the bad economy and worse morals of making mortgages. The Pound-of-cure-man has come, for whom we are thankful, but still religion waits anxiously for the Ounce-of-prevention-man to appear.

We greatly regret that "*The Dial*," our clean-faced and hopeful neighbor, has taken upon itself the fruitless and graceless task of cataloguing and exhibiting the weaknesses of the massive Scotchman, the great latter-day prophet, Thomas Carlyle. That he had grave defects is promptly admitted on every hand. They were of a kind readily discovered and not likely to spread. But that prolific stock grew something other than bark and briars; he was great by virtues of qualities not so easily detected, and to try to interest people in them is the more commendable task. Cherries are more easily gathered than chestnuts, and perhaps are more agreeable to some palates, but there are qualities in the chestnut that places it high above the cherry, not the least im-

portant of which is, that the chestnut's rough exterior conceals a meaty kernel, while in the heart of the pretty cherry is hid a poor bit of a stone.

Impatience with a chestnut is unseemly, for a noble tree will grow out of it. Truer than those of "*The Dial*" are the instincts of Rev. Lewis Meredith, in the last issue of the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*, who hastens by the "lapses" of Carlyle's mind to study the "greatness and worth that must wait many years before it is duly understood or appreciated."

EASTER HOPES.

He whose faith is rimmed by little study alone, thinks of the dogma of the resurrection as the only warrant of the Immortal Hope. The belief in the continuance of life hinges not upon any single historical transaction. Millions have died and millions more will die strong with an Easter outside the circle of the name and fame of Jesus. The belief in the reappearance of a body once dead, in a far off land and age was budded into the limbs of what was already a great tree,—the Spring Festival of many nations. A song of hope in the soul of man has always responded to opening buds and singing birds. This festival has roots deeper than historic Christianity. Its foundations rest in an antiquity that makes modern Jesus and Paul. Its beginnings are contemporaneous with that strange thoughtfulness that linked the days of the week with the mystic stars, and followed the changes of the seasons with festivals of joy and hours of fasting. The *variety* of the apple is determined by the budding; but the apple itself is produced by the sap that flows through the trunk in currents more ancient than the graft. So men may think that they believe in the hereafter because it is reported that the spirit of Jesus reanimated a corpse chilled to the third day, or because they have heard music in the air, or felt a table move, or seen an oak tablet write; but such evidences only persuade the soul that is predisposed to believe. Not on external buttresses, however strong and strengthening they may be, does the building rest, but upon subterranean foundations, the wall under the wall. So the hopes of Easter rest securely on foundations laid deep in the heart of humanity, to which no small sect or self-elected "true church" can make good an exclusive title. Many who cannot appreciate the lenten days of an Episcopalian fast, will give devout thanks for the lengthening days of nature. We may find no helpfulness in the Easter mass of the Catholic Church, and still be devoutly helped by the *Te Deum Laudamus* of the robins, find a joy in the high mass of the maple boughs, the floral offerings of the earth. Those who do not believe in the bodily resurrection which the creeds assert, may yet have profound faith in that uprising

spirit and the eternal progress that is promised by the prophets of God, past and present, partly realized in the career of humanity thus far, and typified in valley and on hill slope at spring-time. We deny that this anthem, sung by the grand chorus of nations, is less Christian than a solo chanted by a one-voiced creed. We cast no reflections on the Easter hopes of the creeds. If heaven is any more a reality to any of our readers in the belief that Mary found her dead Master brought to life again, we are glad of it. We only ask that such do not begrudge or distrust the hope of others, based on the conviction that Mary's Master was never entombed, that he never was killed. The soul that could recognize nobility beneath the sin, and divinity in lily and sparrow, was too fine a thing to be touched by a Roman soldier's spear, or wrapped in linen, or buried in a tomb. It is possible to believe in the conclusions of a creed and at the same time doubt its arguments. We would as soon expect to stand a church upon its spire as to rest man's faith in the indestructibility of life upon the slender pinnacle of a miracle. In the parables more than in the miracles of Jesus, in the deeds of Luther and Cromwell more than in the trances of Swedenborg, in the writings of Homer, Shakespeare and Wordsworth more than in the petty pencilings of Planchette, do we find intimations of immortality. For those stir us with purposes that deserve to be immortal, while these suggest an immortal degeneracy, an immortality that beggars the life already lived. Easter should give us patience to work and to wait, rather than a curiosity that grows restless with a selfish haste to taste the fruit when it is only budding time. Not to prove, but to deserve, immortality is the highest Easter problem.

THE VOICE OF THE LORD ON THE PRAIRIE.

"God is not dumb, that he should speak no more;
If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness
And find'st not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor:
There towers the mountain of the voice no less,
Which, who so seeks shall find, but he who bends,
Intent on manna still and mortal ends,
Sees it not, neither hears its thundered lore."

If any of our readers still suspect that the high consecration, the rapt vision of the seers and saviors of old, are products only of the orient and the antique, we beg of them to procure and read Mrs. Hattie Tyng Griswold's strange and fascinating story, entitled "*A Western Buddha:—A Fragment of a Life,*" published in the *Star and Covenant* of April 9th. This youth of eighteen, turning aside from the comforts of home, the charms of society, and the delights of the intellectual life, all of which he keenly appreciated, to fit himself for the disinterested calling of helpfulness to the wretched,—now accepting the severest drudgery, now haunting the most

unwholesome dens of Chicago, and again bathing himself in the loneliness of a western prairie, plotting divine things, for the suffering, by his bivouac fire, throws a flood of light upon the gospel narrative which the commentators and lexicons are wholly unable to supply. Life is interpreted by life, and the story of this Iowa lad makes Arnold's beautiful "Light of Asia" not only credible but intelligible. Mrs. Griswold has dealt sparingly with her material; it is an under rather than an over statement. It has been given us to learn much of this story from private sources, and we can vouch for its validity. Notwithstanding the crowded condition of our book markets, we can but wish that Mrs. Griswold might have access to the diaries and private papers which this boy-prophet of the higher life left as the priceless legacy of his twenty years, that she might give us a published narrative that would reveal enough of this fervid heart to quicken other young lives and to warm many an older life into some fresh glow of nobility.

RUSSIAN RELIGION.

Russia teaches a suggestive religious lesson. It has an established church which nominally includes most of the nation and keeps religion prominent before the eyes: images of the virgin stand even in railroad stations, and Icons in nearly every house; fasts are frequent and rigorous; priests, prayers and ceremonies abound. But here Russian religion ends. It has little mental and still less moral element. Priests seldom preach or teach. Even the doctrines are not emphasized as in Catholic and Protestant churches. Ceremonies are the important thing. Great religious agitations have arisen in Russia over such questions as the shaving of the beard and the position of the fingers in making the sign of the cross; and an old archbishop once proclaimed that they who repeat "Alleluiah" only twice in a certain part of the liturgy "sing to their own damnation." The ceremonial has been emphasized at the expense of the moral, until we hear of a man about to murder, but first entering a church to commend the deed to the saints; and of another killing and robbing a traveler, but refusing to eat the meat found in the traveler's cart, because it was a fast day. Even this sacred fasting is so void of moral element that we read of peasants violating it; having first turned the Icon's face to the wall so that it shall not see them. Says Mr. Wallace, in his excellent book on "Russia," the priest "neither has nor seeks to have a moral influence over his flock." With the national vice of drunkenness the priests do not meddle, but are themselves often the village agents for the "vodki," and do not feel called upon to rebuke the most inveterate toper. According to that most interesting book, "The Russians of To-day," "a Russian priest will seriously tell you that

it is allowable to get drunk, but not to smoke, because 'not that which goeth in, but that which cometh out of the mouth defileth a man.'" This is even worse than Voltaire's story of the Russian's interpretation of the same text a century ago. "Trois-Etoiles" tells of a Russian priest who, trying to console a wealthy barina, mourning for her sin, told her "that it is not good to be faultless, for perfect virtue is apt to beget pride, which is a deadly sin."

No wonder that Russian priests are coming to have very little influence over the people, as the best observers tell us. No wonder that this religion, so merely ceremonial and so void of mental and moral training, is becoming rotten and easily passes over into nihilism. A religion which has so long acquiesced in the prevalent tyrannies, and said mass over exiles starting for Siberia, and sent priests to preach patience to them while rotting under ground in the quicksilver mines, must expect now and then to see dynamite put under the whole system.

Not of course that Russia's religion is to blame for all her evils. It is only part of that general system which has not trusted and trained the people. Russia teaches us that Church and State alike must be grounded in popular rights and the popular intelligence. Grimm compares the French Revolution to the breaking up of a vast mass of ice which had so long been skated over that rulers forgot there was water beneath. Not even the thicker ice of this northern despotism can hold forever; here, too, the river is beneath. The new government may torture regicides and force Catholic Poles to swear allegiance in a church which they hate; but it were easier to dam the Neva than stop the movement of popular rights in Russia.

H. M. S.

(We regret the mangled form in which Edwin Arnold's beautiful poem appeared in UNITY of Jan. 15. A friend who cares, requests that it be reprinted in its own true shape. We can at least do that by way of reparation.—W. C. G.)

AFTER DEATH IN ARABIA.

BY EDWIN ARNOLD.

He who died at Azan sends
This to comfort all his friends:

Faithful friends! It lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say, "Abdallah's dead!"
Weeping at the feet and head.
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile and whisper this,—
"I am not the thing you kiss;
Cease your tears, and let it lie;
It was mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends! What the women lave
For its last bed of the grave,
Is a tent which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage from which, at last,
Like a hawk my soul hath passed.

Love the inmate, not the room,—
The wearer, not the garb,—the plume
Of the falcon, not the bars
Which kept him from these splendid stars.

Loving friends! Be wise, and dry
Straightway every weeping eye,—
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear.
'Tis an empty sea-shell,—one
Out of which the pearl is gone;
The shell is broken, it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury,
A mind that loved him; let it lie!
Let the shards be earth's once more,
Since the gold shines in his store!

Allah glorious! Allah good!
Now thy world is understood;
Now the long, long wonder ends;
Yet ye weep, my erring friends,
While the man, whom ye call dead,
In unspoken bliss, instead,
Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,
By such light as shines for you;
But in light ye cannot see
Of unfulfilled felicity,—
In enlarging paradise,
Lives a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell;
Where I am, ye too shall dwell.
I am gone before your face,
A moment's time, a little space.
When ye come where I have stepped,
Ye will wonder why ye wept;
Ye will know, by wise love taught,
That here is all, and there is naught.
Weep a while, if ye are fain,—
Sunshine still must follow rain;
Only not at death,—for death,
Now I know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is of all life centre.

Be ye certain all seems love,
Viewed from Allah's throne above;
Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home!
La Allah illa Allah! yea!
Thou love divine! Thou love always!

He that died at Azan gave
This to those who made his grave.

"I hope the next triumphs of reason and civilization will be our great parties. Are we not cultivated enough for *Society*? Now we congregate; but ought it to satisfy our ambition to take the first rank among gregarious animals? The sight of young girls decked for balls, etc., brings this evil strongly before me. I respect people too much to make spectacles of them."—*Channing*.

The future is not for that theology which vainly struggles against the victorious doctrine of evolution, but rather that which will adopt it and turn it to account.—*Prof Haeckel*.

Truth alone may not constitute a great man, but it is the most important element of a great character.—*Smiles*.

He only feels his burdens fall
Who, taught by suffering, pities all.—*Whittier*.

Contributed Articles.

NOTHING BETWEEN.

BY M. B. C. SLADE.

I taught my little boy to say
A simple, tender evening prayer.
One night he said, "Oh, mamma, may
I go out doors, and say it 'ere?"
I bore him where the moonlight shone
In stillness o'er the dew-gemmed sod.
"'Ere, now," he cried, "My mamma own!
'Ere's nothing 'tween my prayer and God!"

Hours later, when I went to lean
One moment on my Lord's right arm,
There came, inthrusting fast between,
Dark thoughts of care, and toil, and harm.

Then cried I, "Father bear me out,—
Out from these walls that compass me!
Fold thy dear love my soul about,
With naught between my prayer and Thee."

THE LIBERAL PREACHERS OF ENGLAND OUT OF THE PULPIT

XI.

TENNYSON AS A LIBERAL PREACHER.

PROF. J. K. HOSMER.

The readers of *UNITY* will not expect anything new in a study of Tennyson. For many years he has been recognized in the English-speaking world as the first of living poets; his books have been in every hand; his verses household words with millions. The writer perhaps might find fault that so thread-bare a theme is assigned to him, were it not that in the plethora of books even the very precious are sometimes unjustly overwhelmed and superseded. We suspect a generation is coming to the front for whom even Tennyson is a superannuated figure, while it has sought strange and new poetic gods. If that is the case, one who stands already in "the youth of old age" and remembers the warm worship of twenty-five years ago, may well be forgiven for sending a cry after the Ephraim that is often joining himself to new and unworthy idols, to the neglect of a shrine that ought not to be vacant of homage.

Re-reading Tennyson for the preparation of the present paper, we find impressions received of old not only confirmed but deepened,—that the man indeed discovers more to prize than did the child who was his father. If criticism be one's purpose, there is, to be sure, abundant quarry upon which beak and talon might be exercised—quarry upon which the hawks long ago pounced, and which healthy taste must always judge worthy to be hunted. There is sweetness that fatigues, delicacy that runs into affectation and effeminacy. From the "Airy, fairy Lilian" of Tennyson's youth to the "Dedication to my Grandson" of his three score years and

ten, there are plenty of verses mere thistle-down for light worthlessness, silvery threads of trivial grace. As prudent confectioners are said to bring to pass in their apprentices a surfeit of sweets, before trusting them with the dainties they are expected to handle, so any poetry-hating Gradgrind can find in our subject plenty of sugar-plums of overdaunt rhythm and strained conceit, to cloy the taste of boys and turn them to "facts," while they move through a too saccharine world. But these vanities of Tennyson are mere surface blemishes, not a taint that reaches down into the tissues. If there is some justice in the carping as regards this one point, as regards others that have been attacked, fault-finding is utterly irrelevant. As we write, for instance, the charge appears in a literary journal that the laureate holds aristocratically aloof from common men, preferring for his themes the haps and mishaps of prince, lord, and lady, rather than those of the peasant and the village wife. This in the face of such tales from humble life as "Dora," "Enoch Arden," the "Northern Cobbler," and "Aylmer's Field!" Even where Tennyson has chosen for his heroes and heroines those high in place, it has often been to paint pictures of intrinsic noble worth, where elevated station is simply adventitious and accidental, like the magnanimous Arthur of "Guinevere," or high-souled Cranmer, in "Queen Mary," atoning for temporary faithlessness with heroic martyrdom.

With the remark that in spite of such defects as have been alluded to, literary form was never more choice and exquisite than in many of the poems, we shall make no further allusion to matters of this kind. Let us pass at once to the pieces which are really deep wells into which have been gathered copious and refreshing waters of divine philosophy. If sometimes there is something finical in the shaping and ornamentation of the receptacle, more often there is simplicity and grandeur in the setting, while the reservoirs really hold what has power to cleanse and quicken the soul. We have to consider Tennyson as a teacher of liberal ideas. There may be two opinions as to the asserted fact that he is the chief of living poets, but the liberal church, at any rate, will admit that no living poet has uttered the ideas that are especially dear to it so boldly and impressively. The son of a minister of the Established Church, we have no doubt he is himself a child of that church, shrinking, probably, from contact with organized forms of dissent and those who maintain them. For all that, he loves to take to his arms a stalwart heretic.

"Thou wilt be
A latter Luther,"

he says in the "Sonnet to J. M. K.,"

"And a soldier priest,"
To scare church harpies from the master's feast;
Our dusted velvets have much need of thee."

And again, in the "Welcome to Maurice:"

"Should eighty thousand college councils
Thunder anathema, friend, at you;
Should all our churchmen foam in spite
At you so careful of the right,
Yet one lay hearth would give you welcome."

The thoughtful liberal will often find his own deepest musings thrown back to him from the page, as if he were looking at his own face in a mirror. There is, moreover, many a verse full-charged with fine tonic influence, well fitted to brace minds strained from over-struggle against the problems of life.

To reflective persons there is nothing finer in Tennyson than his attitude before doubt. Of the classes into which Whately somewhere divides men, "those who decide without inquiring, and those who inquire without deciding," there are many passages which, taken by themselves, would lead one to believe the poet must be comprehended in the latter. It will be found, however, that he comes to decisions, but only after long and hesitating question. Through this he is much endeared to the thoughtful, who see in many a man, highly bepraised and possessing influence because he has "decided opinions," a shallow, witless fellow whose judgment is unembarrassed simply because he comprehends so little. The thoughtful man finds himself environed by deep matters before which he feels forced to stand and wait, often in pain and tears. To this mood of sorrowing hesitancy, this cry of the strong man when there is at the heart utter unrest, no poet has given such full and pathetic voice as Tennyson. To him doubt is far enough from being devil-born:

"There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds."

The jarring lyre struck at first we should strive ever to make true, finding at length a stronger faith our own. There are two poems which contain, more than any others, the record of Tennyson's deeper thinking, the "Two Voices" and "In Memoriam," and in these we find upon almost every page a trace of the fierce spiritual battle he has waged. In the "Two Voices," the voice which speaks to benumb and discourage is audible through the greater part of the poem, the "little whisper silver-clear," whose tone is hopefuller, not making itself heard until the last:

"Thou art so full of misery
Were it not better not to be?"

inquires the "barren voice."

If you urge that man is wonderfully made:

"Self-blinded are you by your pride.

Think you this mould of hopes and fears
Could find no statelier than his peers
In yonder hundred million spheres?"

Should you die, the world would go on as before, and you not be missed:

"Not less the bee would range her cells,
The furzy prickly fire the dells,
The fox-glove cluster dappled bells."

If it be urged there is interest in watching "how grows the day of human power," the answer is,

"'Twere better not to breath or speak
Than cry for strength, remaining weak,
And seem to find, but still to seek."

When desire is expressed to perform some manful work, it is met sneeringly:

"Thy dream was good
While thou abodest in the bud;
It was the stirring of the blood."

Who could live a moment if power were not put forth about the "opening of the flower." The search for truth is always illusory:

"Shadows thou dost strike
Embracing clouds Ixion-like."

there is one remedy for all—better die; man's life is

"A life of nothings, nothing worth,
From that first nothing ere his birth
To that last nothing under earth."

At length the contemplation of peaceful and innocent human life superinduces a better mood. The poet opens his casement and is calmed and relieved at beholding the

scenes of a Sabbath morning. The second voice is now at his ear,

"A murmur! 'Be of better cheer.'"

The poet marvels

"How the mind was brought
To anchor by one gloomy thought,"

and how he could rather

"Commune with the barren voice
Than him that said: Rejoice, Rejoice!"

We find the same mood of doubt, less prominent, but expressing itself with even more pathos, in "In Memoriam."

LIII.

"Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last, far off—at last, to all.
And every winter change to spring.

"So runs my dream; but what am I?
An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry.

LIV.

"I falter where I firmly trod,
I stretch lame hands of faith."

Nature seems to care for nothing: a thousand types are gone: must man go too, who had such purpose and trust, who so loved and battled? must he

"Be blown about the desert dust
Or sealed within the iron hills?"

Then he is a monster, a dream, a discord;

"Dragons of the prime,
That tare each other in their slime,
Are mellow music matched with him."

These expressions of doubt, so eloquent of suffering, of earnestness, of reverence, make Tennyson the true brother of every serious and thoughtful man. At some time or other, the strong spirit must pass through "The Everlasting No." With tongue how sweet and true does our poet utter the passion and struggle! Very beautiful, too, is the forbearance he urges toward those who, if unreasoning, are yet made happy and useful by an unsubstantial faith.

LVIII. (In Memor.)

"O, thou whose faith
Cares not to fix itself in form,

Leave thou thy sister when she prays
Her early heaven, her happy views;
Nor thou with shadowed hint confuse
A life that leads melodious days."

A passage, which recalls the pleasant story told of Spinoza, that though himself devoted to the most audacious speculation, he took pains to spare the simple Catholic belief of his humble friend, the woman with whom he lodged, counselling her, while practicing the plain virtues, to cling to her church and its ordinances.

Fortunately our poet tells us how he rose from his despair to hope and trust.

CXXII. (In Memor.)

"If ere when Faith had fallen asleep,
I heard a voice: 'Believe no more,'
And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled in the godless deep;

A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part,
And like a man in wrath, the heart
Stood up and answered: 'I have felt!'"

That Tennyson, like the manful skeptic of his lines, fought his doubts and gathered strength until he found a stronger faith his own, out of which he has spoken, as no other poet of our time has spoken, words that incite to human duty, to patriotism, to friendship—words that pronounce confidently the upward collective progress of

man upon earth, and teach, with prophet-like zeal and power, the nobleness of each individual spirit and its growth in the immortal life—that he has done this it now remains for us to illustrate. He would welcome Maurice, that

"We might discuss

How best to help the slender store,
How mend the dwellings of the poor,
How gain in life, as life advances,
Valor and charity more and more."

No less marked than this is the aspiration in "The Golden Year:"

"Ah! when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea?"

And similarly, in the "Ode at the Opening of the Exhibition," in 1851:

"From growing commerce loose her latest chain,
And let the fair white-winged peace-maker fly
To happy havens under all the sky,
And mix the seasons and the golden hours,
Till each man finds his own in all men's good,
And all men join in noble brotherhood."

We wish there was space to quote the whole of the "Palace of Art," containing, as it does, an admirable rebuke of the selfish dilettanteism, so rife now in our more refined society, which encourages a selfish culture of music and art, or wastes enthusiasm in the pursuit of absurd "bric-a-brics," to the neglect of substantial knowledge, and of that which is truly beautiful and good. Passing to patriotism, who has given better reason than our poet for loving his country?

"You ask me why, though ill at ease,
Within this region I subsist,
Whose spirits falter in the mist
And languish for the purple seas,

It is the land that freemen till,
That sober-suited freemen chose,
The land where, girt with friends or foes,
A man may speak the thing he will;

A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where freedom broadens slowly down
From precedent to precedent.

* * * * *

Should banded unions persecute
Opinions, and induce a time
When single thought is civil crime
And individual freedom mute;;

* * * * *

Then waft me from the harbor-mouth,
Wild wind! I seek a warmer sky,
And I will see before I die,
The palms and temples of the south."

No poet has a higher sense of the nobleness of human nature. Says "Love and Duty,"

"Man

Is then most God-like being most a man."

There are the most confident assertions of immortality. In the "Deserted House," by which the lifeless body is meant,

"Life and thought
Here no longer dwell,
But in a city glorious,
A great and distant city, have bought
A mansion incorruptible."

Nor is it an immortality of absorption.

XLVI. (In Memor.)

"That each who seems a separate whole
Should move his rounds, and fusing all
The skirts of self again, should fall
Remerging in the general soul,
Is faith as vague as all unsweet:
Eternal form shall still divide
The eternal soul from all beside."

The soul is not only to live but to grow. For humanity collectively a grand progress is declared and welcomed.

Let the world go spinning ever down the ringing grooves of change.
—Locksley Hall.

CLXVIII. (In Memor.)

"Ring in the radiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be!"

For the individual soul there is to be on through eternity a constant increase of the spiritual stature, until the angel of man reaches heights ineffable. In his anticipation of this, Tennyson is at his finest; for his confident declarations here he has best deserved to become a leader to his generation. His utterances upon this point are scattered everywhere; from the poems of his youth to those of his old age. We catch a tone of this faith even in pieces written in the Homeric spirit, like the beautiful "Ulysses," who, even under his weight of years, aspires to learn and do, that he may grow ever.

"It little profits that, an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Matched with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race.

* * * but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note may yet be done.

* * * Push off, and sitting well in order, smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars until I die."

Still more distinct is the spiritual longing in the pieces written in the romantic vein, as in "Galahad."

"All armed I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the holy Grail."

The last message which has come from the old man of more than seventy years, shows that his anticipation is uncooled. The inscription for the cenotaph in Westminster Abbey to the memory of Sir John Franklin, given at the end of the volume of last year, runs:

"Not here! the white North has thy bones, and thou,
Heroic sailor soul!
Art passing on thine happier voyage now
Toward no earthly pole."

But if we would find the most confident expression of this beautiful spiritual belief, we must turn to Tennyson's masterpiece, "In Memoriam,"—his masterpiece, because, more than in any other poem, he elaborates and dwells upon this theme, the sublimest which can occupy the mind of man. At the very first, as if it were intended to give the key-note, we find:

"I hold it truth with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves, to higher things.

Again, in Canto xi., apostrophizing his dead friend,

"Thy spirit, in our fatal loss,
Did ever rise from high to higher;
As mounts the heavenward altar-fire,
As flies the lighter through the gross.

"But thou art turned to something strange,
And I have lost the links that bound
Thy changes; here upon the ground,
No more partaker of thy change."

I fear I cannot reach again my advancing friend, but must always be in the rear.

"Though following with an upward mind
The wonders that have come to thee,
Through all the secular to be,
But evermore a life behind."

LXXXI.

"I wage not any feud with Death,
For changes wrought on form and face;
No lower life that earth's embrace
May breed with him can fright my faith.

"Eternal process moving on,
From state to state the spirit walks;
And these are but the shattered stalks
Or ruined chrysalis of one.

"Nor blame I death because he bare
The use of virtue out of earth;
I know transplanted human worth
Will bloom to profit elsewhere.

"For this alone on Death I wreak
The wrath that garners in my heart;
He put our lives so far apart
We cannot hear each other speak."

CXII.

"O friend, who camest to thy goal
So early, leaving me behind,
I would the great world grew like thee,
Who growest not alone in power
And knowledge, but from hour to hour
In reverence and charity."

CXVII.

"O trust that those we call the dead
Are breathers of an ampler day
For ever nobler ends. * * *
* * * Arise and fly
The reeling Faun, the sensual feast;
Move upward working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die."

From the wealth of beautiful and solemn thought which the poems of Tennyson contain, we have transcribed enough, we believe, to establish our thesis, that really no poet of our time has uttered so much that the heart of the liberal thinker takes straight to itself. We have presented what, no doubt, to many readers will be most familiar passages. It was unavoidable. Tennyson was at his best in his young manhood. Age has not helped him to out-grow his faults; and although among the later pieces there is many a passage where the thought is noble, the melody and beauty superb, nothing occurs which was not better said in his earlier time. The Tennyson that will be remembered is the man who uttered the agony of his soul-struggle in the "Two Voices," and wept the "In Memoriam" above the grave of Arthur Hallam. In the latter poem, in particular, his genius culminates. Elsewhere there may be as much, even more, exquisite grace; but not elsewhere such manifold handling at the same time of the sublimest themes, such worthy utterance of the profoundest and worthiest sorrow. "Love," he says in Locksley Hall,

"Smote the chord of self, which, trembling, passed in music out o sight."

How in "In Memoriam" has the power of friendship driven out of sight every baser thing, leaving behind only the noblest of music! It is the loveliest tribute ever paid in words to a dead friend. Not the "Adonais" not the "Lycidas," not the praise which Cicero makes his Laelius to utter over the departed Scipio Africanus in the "De Amicitia," can match its thought or its sweetness. Among such constructions it is the Taj Mahal.

The words we have quoted have really moulded the spirits of thousands. We believe, however, as was said at the beginning of this paper, that a generation is arising for whom even these things are overwhelmed and superseded. It is worth while to say something to redeem them from such unmerited neglect. Should our paper, however, meet the eyes of those who hold these things unforgotten, they will know that good poetry, like a good tune, does not grow old, but is sweeter at the thousandth rehearsal than at the first.

IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. C. C. PRICE.

It has gone out to many who loved him, that death has claimed for his own John F. W. Ware.

Here in the Southland, where he was the friend of every charitable and philanthropic enterprise, we learn this with inexpressible sorrow. He was a *man*—that is the best that can be said of any one. He lived in a period that required bold speech,—more than that,—the moral courage to stand by conviction and expressed opinion. We first knew him in Baltimore, when he preached in the regular Unitarian church,—why he left it we do not know, but there must have been something the proud christian spirit of the man could not tolerate. From there we followed him to the Assembly Rooms, thence to the Masonic Temple, then to Ford's Opera House, where he drew ever increasing audiences. His topics were of every day living—such as addressed themselves to the better sense of all who heard him. His very fidelity to his connections made him eloquent, and young and old hung upon his words with a silence which was sometimes almost oppressive, but which is yet the truest compliment to the genius of one whose *life was pure*. In his social relations he was genial, friendly, helpful. The young men could easily approach him, and kindly words of advice were treasured up by all who were so fortunate as to come into this close contact with him.

His little book—*Home Life*—is excellent, and we cannot forbear the mention of one thing we remember in it, and that was what he says in regard to games, cards, etc., in the training of boys; and another, what he says in regard to step-mothers. In these two matters he certainly struck the key-note to the true philosophy, according to our way of thinking, and indeed the whole book bespeaks a capacity in the author to have written many more of equal worth.

He was a great lover of nature. We recollect that one stormy, snowy morning he opened his prayer with—"O, Heavenly Father, we thank thee for the snow," and again, in the pleasant spring—"Our Father, as we look out upon the beautiful world this morning we are moved to thank thee for the sunshine and the leaves." Showing how closely his soul was allied to her in all her moods and seasons.

At one time an insane man entered the building and, walking boldly up to him in the midst of his sermon, said, "Unless ye be born of the spirit of Christ, you cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven." Ware closed his Bible, stepped to the side of his pulpit, and said, "Carry that home with you, it is a better sermon than I can preach,"—then, with that freedom from all affectation which was characteristic of the man, he offered up a prayer that lives to-day, I doubt not, in the hearts of many who there heard him, and dismissed his congregation. Few more honest in purpose, more earnest in work, more kindly of heart, have ever been born into life; but the great manly form has passed from view; his strong, earnest voice we shall hear no more,—and for us who loved him there is but one thought in the heart, one word on the lip—"He, too, has crossed over the River, to rest under the Shade of the Trees."

Martinsburg, West Virginia, 3rd Month, 1, 1881.

Notes from the Field.

SPAIN is at last coming into the newer civilization. It has an active anti-slavery society.

INDIA.—Some of the school children of Calcutta celebrated Washington's birthday.—A young native of Patna is writing a book against eternal punishment, and, after reading *Radical Problems*, concludes that Mr. Bartol is a man of genius.

RIGHTS OF AUTHORS.—Edward Everett Hale proposes to be protected in his copyright, in other words, "The Man Without a Country" is to be defended by the country. George Munro, having published the above in "The Sea-Side Library," is sued for \$5,000 damages.

CINCINNATI.—Bro. Wendte's Society now sing the doxology with added emphasis, for the \$11,000, the last of the \$30,000 debt, is raised, and they praise God in a house without a mortgage. This is the last freedom that comes to the modern church. Long after the tyranny of the creed is gone the tyranny of a mortgage remains. We congratulate Bro. Wendte on this happy reward of unresting labor.

FLORIDA.—Have alligators any rights that men are bound to respect? The project to drain the everglades of Florida looks towards unsettling of the homes of thousands of alligators, many of whom will die for want of water, and the reclaiming for agricultural purposes a tract of country twice as large as the State of New Jersey. There are moral swamps in that latitude sadly in need of drainage. In this, as in the other case, if accomplished the alligators must die.

REFORMED PRISON KEEPERS.—It is time that the study of crime should be followed by the study of criminals. Warden Townsend, of one of the Philadelphia prisons, has been in the habit of conducting a semi-weekly school for the training of his assistants and overseers. The result is, that it "has had a large influence in raising the position of overseer from that of a mere watchman or turnkey, to that of an intelligent and educated agent of a philanthropical system of prison discipline."

PETERSHAM, MASS.—Rev. Lyman Clark, Pastor of the First Parish, tendered his resignation Sunday last, to take effect at the close of the seventh year of his pastorate, Aug. 31st, or otherwise, by mutual arrangement. Rev. E. J. Chaffee, of North Orange, read the letter. The annual meeting of the Parish was held on Monday, the report of the Parish Committee showing an excess of receipts over expenditures, during the past year, of \$37. The resignation was not acted upon, but will be considered at a subsequent meeting.

MICHIGAN.—In a flying trip to Michigan, this week, we found Mr. and Mrs. Sunderland consoling themselves over their interruption in Unity Club work, caused by the flooding of the rickety rooms in the old church, by studying a perplexing pile of plans for the new, each of which is better than any of the others in something. The lot is bought, the money about raised, and everything ready to proceed as soon as the plans are determined.—At Detroit, we found Mr. Forbush busy in

preparing his MS. on the forthcoming book on "Jesus the Nazarene."—The Episcopal minister at Muskegon confessed to his congregation, a fortnight ago, that his growing faith had rendered their creed-clothes too small for him, and last Sunday he preached the gospel, according to himself, in a hall. The Liberal friends there are happy in this unexpected discovery of the San Grael, which they find, as Sir Launfal did, near at home.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—On the 13th inst., Rev. R. R. Shippen was installed as pastor of the Unitarian Church at Washington, Robert Collyer preaching the sermon, and several other prominent clergymen were there to grace the occasion. There is poetic fitness in entrusting this work to the hands of the man who was chiefly instrumental in building the church that represents the public spirit of the denomination at large. Then, again, Mr. Shippen has, for a long time, had the entire country in his mind and heart as a fitting preparation for this cosmopolitan pulpit.

LAWRENCE, KAN.—Mr. Howland is exceptionally favored in being able to enter a parish where more than one colleague is already trained to his assistance. Miss Sarah A. Brown has been the efficient leader of the Sunday School and Club activities for several years, and Mrs. Annie L. Diggs, who has frequently occupied the desk in the old stone church, giving earnest, glowing, home-made sermons, are both ready and anxious to help the new pastor with their word and work; and with these ought to be mentioned the few men and women who have been disciplined by patient waiting and protracted loneliness to be true and strong.

WARNINGS FROM RUSSIA.—Mr. Simmons, of Madison, Wis., at the close of a recent discourse on this subject, said:

"What is our lesson? To recognize the truth, that States cannot be founded on 'the backwardness of the masses.' I read in the telegrams that an Englishman said, 'this comes of trying to educate the people.' Rather, it comes from keeping the people uneducated. It was not so much Roussakoff that threw the bomb, nor Nihilism that filled it; but this long ignorance and oppression. The danger comes not from the freely flowing stream, but from the pent up waters bursting the dams. When old accumulated drifts of wrong suddenly thaw, the freshet is ruinous; but for that cause do we want the sunlight of reason and the warmth of humane feelings steadily working upon them. Give us an education which trains people to think, and to thus learn the unity of interests that binds men and classes and nations in a common humanity, and we shall have no imperial assassinations nor need of them. Give us a religion based not on ceremonies and theological doctrines, but on the simple principles of morality and humanity, and we shall have no more Nihilism."

THE LORD'S PRAYER—A MODERN VERSION.—Apropos to Bro. Gunning's scientific rendering of the one hundred and thirty-ninth Psalm, published in our last, is the following "modern version of the Lord's Prayer," prepared by a friend to meet the prevalent demand for oratorical effects and rhetorical pyrotechnics in the pulpit:

"Our Father, residing in the abyss of the aboriginal solitude of heaven, hallowed be thy mystic and poetic name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done upon the elements both objective and subjective of the two-fold phantasmagoria of matter and of mind. Give us each day our ephemeral sustenance; and from the calm of

thine own perfection and unfathomable essence vouchsafe unto us the forgiveness we ourselves allot to the indestructible monads, the immortal personalities gyrating in circles transverse to our own.

Lead us not into the extravagance, the absurdity, the guilty aberrations, the chaotic discords of an incalculable caprice or an insurgent wilfulness, but withdraw from us the chronic relish of evil; for thine is the kingdom of astronomic orbs, the power over the immensity of individual minds and the glory of the ærial upholstery of the clouds forever. Amen."

TENSAS PARISH LA.—A faithful friend of UNITY sends, with her renewal of subscription, a tender letter of fellowship, written on a sick bed, from which we venture to quote the following: "I have often wanted to write you on subjects mentioned in your pages, particularly in the article by Walter H. Page, on the 'Unitarian movement in the South.'

"I think he lacks a knowledge of the *secret* of success here in this desolate, almost God-forsaken country. From what State he writes I know not; if from the railroad side of the Mississippi river, things may present a different aspect than from the swamp-side; but of *this* I feel sure, that throughout the South there must be a *heartly co-operation* with the Jewish race, which, as Joseph Seligman said, are divided into three classes: Hebrews, Israelites and Jews. I rejoice in the advance of Dr. Sonnenschein, in St. Louis. Wish you would recommend to your readers "Self-Culture," by John Stuart Blackie, Standard series, 15 cents. Have been surprised and disappointed not to find a word of commendation, in your columns, of the Chataqua Literary and Scientific Circle, organized by Dr. J. Vincent, of Plainfield, N. J. Rev. E. E. Hale speaks of it in terms of high praise."

CHICAGO.—The adjourned meeting of the Unitarian gentlemen of this city met at the Grand Pacific on the evening of the 12th, some forty gentlemen present. The committee on permanent organization reported through J. D. Harvey, Esq. The organization was perfected under the name of the Channing Club of Chicago, with Messrs. J. D. Harvey, B. P. Moulton, F. C. Wilson, Dr. E. Ingalls and H. J. McFarland as a board of managers and Mr. Eric Winters as Secretary and Treasurer. The Club is organized on the simplest basis, for the purpose of advancing the interests of and promoting the fellowship between the Unitarian parishes of this city. It proposes to hold monthly meetings, for sociability and discussion. Its membership may be increased, from time to time, by nomination and ballot. The initiation fee is fixed at \$10, and annual dues at \$5. The committee appointed at a previous meeting to act in connection with the Secretary of the Western Unitarian Conference in securing suitable apartments for head-quarters, reported, through B. P. Moulton, Esq., the leasing of a convenient room on the lower floor at 38 Madison St., the entrance being through the Colegrove Book Co.'s store, 40 Madison St. Further steps were taken for the suitable furnishing of the room and the paying of the rent, involving an expenditure the first year of about \$1,000, which responsibility was cheerfully accepted by the gentlemen present. We suspect this to be the most important and hopeful step taken for our cause in this city for a long time, for the following reasons: 1. It is a

movement of laymen, in which the clergy are counted only as privates in the ranks. 2. It consisted of solid laymen, who propose to add to their faith the practical wisdom of business men. 3. It is a movement of social men, who propose to discuss the problems of duty in a social way, around the social board. If we mistake not, this Channing Club is the forerunner of similar organizations of laymen in our larger towns. St. Louis, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Buffalo, Philadelphia, New York and Boston need just such clubs.

The Unity Club.

THE CHESTNUT STREET CLUB—BOSTON.

Dr. Hedge gave a study of Kant and his Philosophy at the March meeting of this famous circle, and Rev. J. H. Allen is to present a paper on Dante at the April session.

FRIENDS' SOCIAL LYCEUM.

Judging from our Quaker exchanges, the Friends are learning to develop their Social Life in the direction of improvement, by means of clubs, to an extent that is promising both to culture and Quakerdom. At a recent meeting of one of these societies at Girard Avenue, Philadelphia, on "Fourth-day evening," there were original papers on Avarice and Scott's Marmion, with readings and criticisms, and, best of all, a vote appropriating funds to buy the twelve volumes of the Encyclopedia Britannica now out. This is a most excellent hint to the clubs in our Unity circles. What excellent programme for the summer is this: the raising of funds with "which to buy the Britannica" preparatory to next winter's work. Will some one tell us how to do it?

CLUB LIBRARIES.

Books are the indispensable tools of the club worker. Without them the work necessarily becomes shallow and insipid. A library, however small, selected with special reference to the work of the club, gives solidity to the plan, and a certain stability to the organization. What a building is to a church society, and a "house and lot of your own" is to the family, a case of books, all paid for, is to a club. We wonder how many of our clubs have made a beginning. We want to devote this page, in our next number, to reports from our clubs on this subject. Will the secretaries please send us answers to the following questions:

1. Have you a library? 2. If so, how many volumes have you? 3. When was it first established? 4. How have you raised the funds? 5. What is the character of the books selected? 6. How is it used? 7. What are some of the practical difficulties and problems connected with it? 8. Any other item of interest?

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

The *Western Magazine*, for February, contains a thoughtful article on "How best to Study English Literature." In a previous number of *UNITY* we suggested the road from Longfellow to Chaucer is shorter than the road

from Chaucer to Longfellow. The writer in this article thus corrects the heresy:

"In respect to *time* there are two methods of pursuing this study:—by "*the road from Longfellow to Chaucer*," or *vice versa*, from Chaucer to Longfellow. The first is the easier and to the one who has not a thorough will and determination to master the subject, or whose time and opportunities are limited, undoubtedly the better way. But the second road is the most satisfactory and will, in reality, probably prove the shorter one. Moreover, the statement made above may reasonably be cited against any argument in favor of taking the first road; namely, that the general reader cannot fail of absorbing all that is best in our current or recent literature, while it is only by a special effort that he can acquire any worthy knowledge of the masterpieces of the past. Also it is true that the best of our literature is, as studies go, further removed from Longfellow than it is from Chaucer, and thus the loiterer is more apt to miss the goal if he travel the first road than if he bravely set out on the second."

M. I. C. OF JANESVILLE.

We clip the following account of the closing study in the Shakespeare course from the *Janesville Recorder* of March 28:

"The Mutual Improvement Club held its regular session Monday evening. The opening fifteen minutes was devoted to the goddess Juno, with an interesting paper by Miss Lillie Godden. The main feature of the evening was a review of the Shakespearian work of the Club for the winter. This comprises a study of four of Shakespeare's plays, viz: "*Macbeth*," "*A Midsummer Night's Dream*," "*King Richard Third*," and "*King Lear*." The Club has held eighteen sessions and its members have contributed thirty-five papers in the Shakespearian study. In comparing notes, Monday evening, it was the general verdict that the play of "*King Lear*," furnished the best study of human nature in its various phases; that the study of "*Macbeth*" was most valuable as a study of conscience, and as revealing the inner motives of the principal characters. The study of "*A Midsummer Night's Dream*," was valuable from the marvelous poetic beauty of the work, its fine imagery, and the scope given to the imagination. 'It has room but for love and beauty and delight, for whatever is most poetical in nature and fancy, and for such tranquil stirrings of thought and feeling as may flow out in musical expressions.' The study of "*Richard III*," aside from its intrinsic value as a work of art, was especially instructive as combining a historical study of the people and the times.

The season thus far has been one of the most profitable since the organization of the Club. Although the loss of its founder and former leader has been keenly felt by the members, yet that loss has stimulated them to still greater individual exertion, which has brought its reward. The remainder of the season will be devoted to a study of the poems of George Eliot."

HOW TO STUDY ENGLISH HISTORY.

You can take either the vertical or horizontal method of reading this history, but, with the first, do not exclude that of the other countries of Europe. It is like taking a knife and cutting through flesh and blood. Take Green's "*Short History of the English People*," read each section, then turn back and look up all the authorities he refers to. This will not be very much work, since it may be hard to find all of them; but you can probably get hold of Freeman's "*History of the Norman Conquest*" and some of the others. In literature, look up at least one specimen of every writer mentioned.

References are given to collections of the older poetry: there are Kemble's and Thorpe's, also Conybeare's "Poems of the Anglo-Saxons," and later, Skeat's "Specimens of English Literature." If a club of readers combine for this study, each can take up special references, and report their results, and each member can also be responsible for some country, France, Germany, Spain or Italy, keeping up the contemporaneous history of these countries. It is best when all can read all of the history thus looked up.

In the second method, one century alone can be selected for study, and the knife alluded to is used only to cut apart centuries. A slice can then be taken across, through all the countries. Suppose the century selected to be the sixteenth. Take Froude's History for foundation. He has been called a prejudiced writer, mostly by those who have not read his history, and have only read reviews of it by critics as prejudiced. Keep your own head clear to decide. Read Martin's "History of France" for this period. This gives you, too, a general sketch of the rest of the world of the time. Compare Francis I. with Henry VIII. You will decide that the former was the more elegant and courtly *le roi Chritiero*, less brutal than Henry VIII., but during the reign of the latter England was gaining freedom, and in the end of that century could show Sidney, Spenser, Shakespeare and a myriad of other names that "echo still," while France owed to Francis I. her religious persecutions, and though she had indeed her Calvin and Coligny, she inherited from his carelessness for any religion her St. Bartholomew's Eve.

You will find a large number of books to help you and will need them. You will want to look up some specimens of all the artists, and read something of all the authors, and all the interesting books about them. Prescott's and Motley's Histories, Grimms' "Michael Angelo," Taine's "English Literature," especially brilliant for this period, Mrs. Oliphant's "Makers of Florence," and a host of other books which these will refer you to.

Three powerful sovereigns, Henry VIII., Francis I. and Charles V., ruled the first half of this century, while three as famous women were queens in the latter half, Elizabeth of England, Catherine de Medicis of France, and Mary, Queen of Scots. LUCRETIA P. HALE.

W. H. BOUGHTON, in an essay on "Words," read before the Milton Club, of Brooklyn, gives an emphasis to the importance of the choice of words. He opens with a warning from Voltaire:

"There is nothing more common than to read and to converse to no purpose. In history, in morals, in law, in physic, and in divinity, be careful of equivocal terms." One of the ancients wrote a book to prove that there was no word which did not convey an ambiguous and uncertain meaning; and, if we possessed this lost work, it would probably furnish a curious commentary upon our dictionaries of synonyms. Whenever the same word is associated by the parties with different ideas, they may converse or controverse until the crack of doom. * * *

Confusion of words leads to confusion of ideas; and this leads inevitably to want of sympathy with the earnest thoughts of others."—*The Index*.

The Sunday School.

"UNITY" SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS,—SERIES VI.

Published by "Unity," 40 Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

THEODORE PARKER.

AND THE LIBERAL MOVEMENT IN AMERICA.

BY R. ANDREW GRIFFIN.

(The references are mainly to Frothingham's "Life of Parker," under the abbreviation "Life;" and to Parker's "Discourse of Religion," Putnam's edition, under the abbreviation "D. o. R.")

Lesson VIII.

SUBSTANCE OF DOCTRINE.

What was the burden of his sermons? He preached on politics, slavery, social science, and indeed on every subject of importance, but we want to state in this lesson what we think were the chief ideas of religion which permeated all he said.

1. His teaching about God.

Miss Cobbe says, "His true greatness will in future ages rest on this—that God revealed Himself, to his faithful soul, in his most adorable aspect—that he preached with undying faith, and lived out in his consecrated life the lesson he had thus been taught—that he was worthy to be the prophet of the greatest of all truths, the absolute goodness of God, the central truth of the Universe." His conception of God was essentially the christian idea, divested of notions unworthy of it. He saw God as the piety of ages has enabled us to see Him. He was not a religious autochthon.¹ His conception was larger than that of Protestantism, it possessed at once the heart of Mary and the mind of Christ. It was the one family in heaven. *Home* at the center of all, hence his favorite ascription, "Our Father and Mother."

His theism is best expressed in the volumes of prayers, his logic is inadequate² as are all such expressions of spiritual realities.

2. Of Inspiration.

He held that as the common life of humanity begins anew in every individual, so the universal intuitions of the race are given afresh in every consciousness, "that inspiration is limited by the capacity and by the faithfulness of the souls which receive it:"

3. Prayer.

This he thought was to the soul what industry is to the body. By contact with matter, by eating, working, resting, our physical nature is sustained; by reading, hearing and thinking our minds are fertilized; so by sacred wishing, by praise, in a word, by worship, the religious nature is fed and fostered. "Man must, through the religious element, have a connection with God, as by the senses with matter." D. o. R., p. 182.

4. Immortality.³

To him it was more than the permanence of spirit, more than indefinite personal continuance, it was one's own life perpetuated on a higher plane: it was the hope of being *ourselves* in better conditions, *ourselves* become

all we wished and strove to be in this world of sin and sorrow. Has modern thought given a brighter hope?

5. Sin.

It was to him as hateful as to any man, but he regarded it as the incident of imperfection. Something to be out-grown—as the prattle of infancy—not an inveterate malformation.⁴ That hereafter we shall be able to forgive ourselves, as we pardon the blunders of our boyhood.

6. The Bible.

"This collection of books has taken such a hold on the world as no other." D. o. R., p. 302. "Now for such effects there must be an adequate cause." D. o. R., p. 303. "The cause of the real esteem in which it is held is seen to be in its moral and religious truths; * * * its truths not only sustain themselves, but the mass of errors connected therewith." D. o. R., pp. 349, 353. "The truths of the scriptures will teach forever, though the record perish. * * * They came from God through the Soul of Man, they have exhausted neither God nor the soul. * * * The Bible is made for man, not man for the Bible." D. o. R., p. 354. In a word, the scriptures stand on their merits; are not privileged literature, though eminent and exceptional in value.

7. Christology.

What did he think of Christ?

"Once on the earth wert thou, before men's eyes
That did not half thy beauteous brightness see;
Once on the earth wert thou a living shrine,
Where conjoining dwelt the good, the lovely, the Divine."

D. o. R., p. 287.

His view of Jesus was that of a contemporary, who was also an appreciative disciple, and a critic, with all the advantages of the knowledge of our day. Did the world say, "Your leader misinterprets the Old Testament, he believes in demons, he hopes to be made a King by miraculous interposition." Parker answers, "How many a saint has been mistaken in such matters! This honesty, zeal, self-sacrifice, heavenly purity still shine out." D. o. R., 278.⁵

8. Limitations.

"On the side of some of the deeper mysteries of experimental religion, of repentance and regeneration, Parker said and wrote but little." F. P. C.

Themes for Conversation.

1. *Autochthon*. A hard word, but looking its meaning up, may fix ours. The mind draws its supplies from the past, as well as from the present. Like long trailing vines, however far they run from their roots, nourishment is drawn from them, although supplementary roots strike the soil at every joint. The most original thinker thinks after, and because of, all the thinking done before him.

2. *Belief in God*. This may become as real as self-consciousness. But never by argument alone. Logic assists faith, it gives confidence to feeling. Most men must depend on *feeling* as the justification of worship, and if they say this is an unsatisfactory ground for so important a service, show that the "knowledge we exist" is only feeling. If a man can give no account of his feeling for God, neither can he of his feeling that he exists.

3. *Immortality*. Is not the desire of continuance as common among the irreligious as among the devout? The desire becomes religious only when we hope for a nobler life. The mere hope of living forever hereafter, is no more religious than the wish to reach extreme old age in this world.

4. *Sin*. It was regarded in ancient times not only as a positive element, but as a person, an evil spirit, contending with one's self. Now we think of it not so much as something, but as the lack of something. Like darkness, or disease, or immorality. Repentances are "growing pains."

5. *Jealousy of Christ*. Because he lived so long ago, because he has been misrepresented, because multitudes loved him, shall we pluck at his crown? Christ is King in the church, his relation to christianity cannot be made or marred by us. "God hath highly exalted him." Why should we regret his eminence in his sphere. Is the royalty of Homer or of Shakespeare, in literature, to be regretted or denied?

The Study Table.

All Publications noticed in this Department, as well as New and Standard books, can be obtained of the Colegrove Book Co., 40 Madison street, Chicago.

VICTOR HUGO. M. Barbou. Tran. by Francis A. Shaw. S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago. pp. 207. \$1.00.

In the above work a book is presented having the double interest of a biography and a treatise on French literature. The earlier incidents are minutely and graphically given, and the entire narrative is in that peculiar French manner which, to an American, sometimes misses its aim and, failing to stir by dramatic effect, amuses by the failure.

The child, Victor, is very frail and very homely. One of his earliest playmates, who tells him beautiful stories and corrects his exercises, is General Lahourie, who lives in hiding at the foot of his mother's garden, and is afterwards shot for plotting against the First Empire. This memory dispels Hugo's enthusiasm for Napoleon. The boy selects literature as a vocation and, starting alone at twenty, with a cash capital of 800 francs, makes a painful way through hardship and privation. True to his race instincts, he has also, by this time, fallen in love; but this element figures but little in the narrative. As the incidents of the great Frenchman's life transpire, there passes also in review, with the effect of swift battalions, the various forces engaged in the literary activities of his time. The ground was held by classicists,—copyists of Grecian and Roman models, without heart and without imagination. Hugo's party, called romanticists, were youth who had discovered that poetry and power resulted from breaking the bonds of the old traditions. The former were supported by the reading public, which too often confounds taste with habit, and does not care to have its brain or ear annoyed by unaccustomed ideas or sounds. The latter were supported by the belief that they had re-found poetry.

As Macaulay, to gain a hearing in court for his Macchiavelli, had first to overthrow the recognized English standard of morality and set up the Italian standard of his hero's age and race, so Hugo's party had to clear away the dry grass and rushes of classicism before the seed of the new literature could reach the ground. A new taste had to be formed—a new standard adopted, and the battle between the factions raged with a fury hard to imagine from our cooler standpoint.

It is difficult to fix the time of Victor Hugo's final triumph; but a triumphant moment was the dinner at the Grand Hotel in Paris, in 1877. It was after the one hundredth repetition of his play of *Hernani*—the play whose introduction fully eight years before had caused

universal uproar—when two hundred critics and press-writers, including many of the most illustrious men of the time, gathered around the immense semi-circular tables to do the author honor. And the poet

"The center of the glittering ring,"

his exile over and his work behind him, surrounded and appreciated by the wit and worth of France, may well have touched the draught which most illustrious men taste but in anticipation.

The Hugo method—that furious hail of short sentences by which he carries a position, is the type of his own history. He carries life with the same gallant rush; and a mere inventory of the results of his brilliant activity, stirs the blood and gives zest to a narrative whose aim is merely to be a statement of facts. C. H. R.

THE SERVANT-GIRL QUESTION. By Harriett Prescott Spofford. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 1881. pp. 181. \$1.00.

This little book is one to which every housekeeper will look with especial interest, for its name touches at once upon a leading cause of her many perplexities. But particularly every housekeeper who aims moreover to be a *home maker* will not fail to avail herself of the hints and suggestions it contains, whereby the peace and harmony of the domestic machinery may be promoted. It treats the question on all sides, from its many points of observation, and lays before mistress and maid, master and public, the duties and delinquencies wherein each has part. The chapter wherein the author shows the poetry side of the kitchen, reminds us of the necessity in farm labor for the commonest drudgery before the result in "fields of waving grain and gardens of blooming flowers" can be obtained. So the kitchen appears as the "laboratory of the household," the "field out of which blossoms the perfect flower of the family." Not until the physical conditions receive their fair attention do we find ourselves able to meet the higher requirements of life.

If the quality of the air we breathe and the food we eat, to sustain physical life, have power to make or mar the health and future vigor of the body, so has the quality of the home atmosphere, which we provide as food for the spiritual life of our children, power to make or mar the health and future vigor of the soul.

In the generations which are coming we place our hopes. The mistress will find herself and the difficulties by which she is daily assailed herein set forth in a most defined and appreciative manner; and although it is from her that the author declares the work of reform must chiefly proceed, she will do well, not only to peruse it herself, but to see that her husband reads it too.

E. T. L.

DUTY. By Samuel Smiles, LL. D. Harper Bros., New York. pp. 412. \$1.50.

Another of the very helpful series of books which Mr. Samuel Smiles has given to the world to aid and encourage young men and women in the building up of a better and more useful manhood. "Self-Help," written, he informs us, twenty-four years ago, has been translated and published in nearly all European languages. "Character" is the second of a series, and its name is sufficient to tell what it endeavors to teach. "Thrift" is

a grand vindication of the nobility of labor and encouragement to economy; and now we have "Duty." These books are full of "the footprints of great men." How they encountered and overcame the obstacles that beset every life. He teaches "by what men have done what men may do," and tries to stimulate the young to active, energetic usefulness. "Duty" is full of anecdotes, terse, telling sentences, many of them worthy of passing into proverbs.

These books ought to find a place in our Sunday School libraries—they are attractive in style, free from any goodyishness, while full of good lessons and much valuable biographical information. They are the books that, with judicious Sunday School workers, would help to crowd out much trash that now finds a place in our Sunday School libraries, and would prove helpful to the children, instead of making a garret for worthless stuff of their brains.

S. C. LL. J.

EXILE. A DRAMATIC EPISODE. By Lewis J. Block. G. I. Jones & Co., St. Louis.

A stranger, two children—a dreamy, sensitive girl and her practical minded brother, together with their parents, form the *dramatis personæ* of this little poem. The stranger, a scholarly recluse, given to much melancholy musing on the seashore, is the chief personage of the drama, the motive of which lies in the sudden impulse of the lonely misanthrope to possess and educate into talented and accomplished womanhood the young girl, Ida. The parents uphold the decision of their child to remain with them, and the stranger again retires within himself, re-fortified in his determination to live solitarily a purely intellectual existence, undisturbed by any exciting emotions.

The plot, though simple, is one which affords ample scope for the exercise of greater poetic talent than we find in "Exile," whose author, while he possesses a certain degree of the poet's insight and feeling, has manifestly brought very untried powers to bear on his present effort. Thought is the basis of all true poetry, and so far Mr. Block is fairly qualified as a poet, except that the quality of his thought is plainly that of the thinker who plods rather than of one who soars. We should say if the author of "Exile" were to attempt some less pretentious task, the result would likely be more pleasing to his friends and promising for himself.

C. P. W.

RESPONSIVE READINGS, for Minister and Congregation. Compiled by T. B. Forbush. Flexible covers. 62 pp.

These twenty-eight responsive services were prepared by Mr. Forbush for use in his own Congregation,—the Unitarian church at Detroit, Mich., and are compiled entirely from Bible sources; and they re-assure us of the incomparable excellence of that literature for devotional and religious usefulness. Mr. Forbush has dealt with his material with a sufficiently free hand to omit whatever of crudeness or materialistic imagery in the Psalms would grate upon the mind of those committed to spiritual theism; but he has also conserved the sweet flavor of the old time phraseology, and in sentences short and rythmical secured, as it seems to us, to a remarkable degree, the original antiphonal effect. The book is admirably printed, in clear type, on a page uni-

form in size with that of "Hymns and Chorals," with which book these services might be conveniently bound, making together what we deem an exceptionally complete Hymn and Service Book for liberal congregations. Through the generosity of Hon. J. J. Bagley, of Detroit, the plates of this book have passed into the possession of UNITY, and sample copies are now in the hands of our binder. In our next, we will be able to announce prices. We particularly bespeak the interest of our western ministers in this important and significant contribution towards the slowly growing liturgy of the coming church.

ROBERTSON'S LIVING THOUGHTS. A Thesaurus. By Kerr Boyce Tupper. With an Introduction by Prof. W. C. Richards, Ph. D. S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago. 1881. pp. 256. \$1.25.

Nothing can be amiss that helps introduce such a spiritual mind as Robertson's to the public, but when his writings are so limited, and his complete works can be bought for nearly the price of this volume, a lover of his writings suffers as one witnessing a vivisection in finding so many paragraphs torn from their surroundings, so many sentences bleeding at the edges, where the scissors cut them from the living tissue, particularly as the editor has neglected to indicate the sources from which he cut his samples. That is a poor Thesaurus that gives no clue of how to place the gem, which is always the first impulse of the truly appreciative reader. But, if one will not buy and read the writings of Robertson themselves, they will do very well in buying this attempt at an abbreviation.

REPORT OF THE NINTH MEETING OF THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF Unitarian and other Christian Churches, held in Saratoga, N. Y., Sept. 21-24, 1880. pp. 236.

Such conventional looking pamphlets as the above, which has just been received, have a fair prospect of going unread, and finally getting into the waste basket; and yet much of the world's wisdom and consecration finds no other expression in type, and we can assure our readers that there is much good sense and lively matter in this book. Rev. E. H. Hall's essay on "The Bible," Henry D. Sedgwick, Esq., on the "Layman's Demand of the Ministry," are papers with no denominational boundaries and are worth having, saying nothing of the matter that is thus bounded. We presume copies can be obtained of this Report on application to the Sec'y, Rev. Geo. A. Thayer, South Boston, Mass.

THE STUDENTS' DREAM. Published for the author. Jansen, McClurg & Co., Chicago. pp. 97. \$1.00.

It is sad to find a good book in shabby clothes, but sadder still to find a beautiful dress with nothing in it. We are fearful lest the publisher's dainty dress may tempt some one to buy this book, the contents of which might occupy a passing corner in a daily paper, otherwise it is a pity the author did not keep on dreaming.

If thy heart were sincere and upright, then every creature would be unto thee a looking-glass of life and a book of holy doctrine.—*Thomas A' Kempis*.

The higher your structure is to be, the deeper must be its foundation.—*Smiles*.

They fail, and they alone, who have not striven.—*Aldrich*.

The Exchange Table.

PETTISHNESS.

HENRY S. SUTTON.

My mind was ruffled with small cares to-day
And I said pettish words, and did not keep
Long suffering patience well; and now how deep
My trouble for this sin! in vain I weep
For foolish words I never can unsay.

Yet not in vain, Oh surely not in vain!
This sorrow must compel me to take heed;
And surely I shall learn how much I need
Thy constant strength my own to supersede,
And all my thoughts to patience to constrain.

Yes, I shall learn at last; though I neglect,
Day after day, to seek my help from Thee.
O aid me, that I always recollect
This gentle heartedness; and O correct
Whatever else of sin thou seest in me!

—From *Quiet Hours*.—Second Series

THE MAXIMUM FOR THE MINIMUM.—No body of men in the country does so much hard work for so little pay, or expends so much brain and intelligence for so small a pecuniary return, as does the ministry.—*M. J. Savage—Unity Pulpit*.

A MONUMENT TO CARLYLE.—Mr. Carlyle's friends, it is reported, wish to put the little house in Scotland, in which he was born, in repair, and keep it as a monument—making it, perhaps, into a library for the use of the country people about.—*Madison Journal*.

"Even in savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings."

Among the students at D. L. Moody's Seminary, at Northfield, Mass., the fifteen Indian girls are said to rank high in their recitations and to be remarkably intelligent.—*Independent*.

A BIRD THAT CAN SING, BUT WONT SING.—Annie Cary says that in Pittsburg the secretary of a cremation society came to her, and wanted her to sing for the benefit of its "furnace fund," and actually had the impudence to offer, as an inducement, to give her free cremation whenever she should need it.—*Index*.

THE WESTMINSTER CONFSSION is to-day an admirable statement of what the most highly cultivated and intelligent of the Scotch Presbyterians do not believe. The suggestion of some witty person that the *nots* should be taken out of the commandments and put into the creed has been only partly heeded; they have been put into the creed, but they have not been taken out of the commandments.—*Sermon by J. W. Chadwick*.

PERFECTLY RIDICULOUS!—This is the way a young lady Sabbath-school teacher in a New England town exhorted her class of boys: "Now, children, if you'll be good children,—read your Bible, say your prayers, go to church, and never say naughty words,—you'll go to heaven, and that will be perfectly splendid. But if you are not good children,—if you don't read your Bible and say your prayers and go to church, and if you do say naughty words,—you'll go to hell, and that will be perfectly ridiculous."—*Rutland Herald*.

CIVIL SERVICE CORRUPTION.—Its magnitude cannot be overstated. Let it increase for another half-century as it has increased for the last half century, and no honest man will be able to confess himself an American citizen without a blush. Let it increase for that length of time as it has increased since Andrew Jackson's day, and for our national motto, *E pluribus unum*, we may substitute the words which Dante, in his mystic vision, saw written on the gate of hell: "All hope abandon, ye who enter here!"—*John W. Chadwick*.

"TRIFLES MAKE PERFECTION, BUT PERFECTION IS NO TRIFLE."—The tragedian Kean was tireless in the drudgery of his art. He spent two days in practising the single line,

"Bertram has kissed thy child!" but when spoken, so vivid and natural was its pathos that the house melted to tears. George Eliot read, Mr. Lewes stated, over one thousand books on Jewish history, etc., before writing "Daniel Deronda." She studied Greek, Latin, French, German, Italian and Hebrew, and wrote for years anonymously, before coming before the public.—*The Youths' Companion*.

REV. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE is a believer in the theory, "putting yourself in his place."

"There is a true way of becoming all things to all men. It is to put yourself in their place; try to see through their eyes; do justice to what is good in their faith or methods, that they, seeing that you are candid and just to their opinions, may be candid and just to yours. There is not the least insincerity here, but it is the simple wish to know and accept all truths from all sides, in order to get all the good and do all the good you can."—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette*.

A CONSCIENTIOUS SINGER.—"With a thorough Italian musical education, and receiving advice unceasingly in that school from her cherished master, Signor Garcia; with a contralto voice unequalled since Alboni, and a most dramatic style, why does not Antoinette Stirling go upon the operatic stage? 'I cannot,' she says. 'I stand by every word I utter when I sing, and feel I must, to the death. It is not alone song with me—melodious sounds—it is the lesson inculcated; hope in the future, bright joys to come, the mercy of an all-wise God. I would not sing a wicked or a frivolous word before my audience for anything on earth. I love them, and I know they love me.'—*The Christian Leader*.

The Germans have been celebrating the centenary of Lessing's death. But, as the *Daily News* observes, they must have done so with a certain sense of shame, for the intolerance which the great critic, scholar, and poet rebuked while he was living has survived him, and has had a new access of vitality a hundred years after his death. His most celebrated play, "Nathan der Weise," was directed against the Judenhass of the eighteenth century. It has become one of those pleas for a large tolerance which are permanent in literature, and speak to the minds of all nations and all generations more potently than philosophical argument. The parable of the three rings, and the types of Christian, Jewish, and Mohammedan excellence, which Lessing brought face to face in his drama, have done more to mitigate religious animosities than the pleas of Locke and Chillingworth, to say nothing of the ingenious arguments of the late Mr. Samuel Baily, of Sheffield. It would have been well if, on Tuesday week, "Nathan der Weise" had been acted in every theatre of Germany. But perhaps for very shame the inflamers of the public hatred against the Jews could not have borne to see it. Lessing taught his countrymen many things, but the friend of Moses Mendelssohn, the Jewish philosopher, has not completely imbued his countrymen with his own tolerance.—*Unitarian Herald*.

THE ETERNAL HOPE.

I think Heaven will not shut forevermore,
Without a knocker left upon the door,
Lest some belated wanderer should come,
Heart-broken, asking just to die at home,
So that the Father will at last forgive,
And looking on His face that soul shall live.

I think there will be watchmen through the night,
Lest any, far off, turn them to the light;
That He who loved us into life must be
A Father infinitely fatherly,
And, groping for Him, these shall find their way,
From outer dark, through twilight, unto day.

—Gerald Massey.

To the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.

—Shakespeare.

Announcements.

Don't forget that the "Illinois Liberal Religious Fraternity" meets at Sheffield, April 26th-28th, 1881.

TO "RISING FAITH" SUBSCRIBERS.

Owing to delay in receiving the mailing list from New Hampshire, the issue of UNITY for April 1st will reach you simultaneously with this. Please inform us as promptly as possible if we may enter your names on our UNITY subscription list, as it will greatly simplify our book-keeping and avoid annoying delays. Those who were already subscribers to UNITY can have their *Rising Faith* account added to their UNITY account by writing us. Any delay or mistake incident to the transfer of the mailing list we will be glad to rectify upon application. Your good-will and subscription is heartily solicited.

THE LITTLE UNITY.

We send Number 2 of our BABY UNITY to all of the regular subscribers to UNITY. After this it will be mailed only to subscribers. With this issue we begin the publication in it of Unity Sunday School Lessons, Series VII., viz:

SUNDAY TALKS ABOUT SUNDAY.

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|------------------------------|----------------------------|
| I. The Day. | V. At Sunday School. |
| II. Going to Meeting. | VI. The Library Book. |
| III. Singing Hymns. | VII. Sunday Afternoon. |
| IV. Listening to the Sermon. | VIII. Life without Sunday. |

The hope is, that in this form we will be able to offer to many Sunday Schools a desirable "Lesson Paper," giving a Lesson for the whole school, and profitable reading matter for the home, in one paper. At least we hope our friends will give it a trial, and with their subscriptions and advice help us to make it just what is needed.

WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

INVITATION.

The Church of the Messiah, of St. Louis, cordially invites the Unitarian and other independent churches included in the Western Conference, to accept her hospitality on the occasion of their next annual meeting for the purposes of counsel and fellowship. Come singly if you must: come in companies if you can. Let the attendance be generous and full. Room shall be found for all. Only notify us early of your intention, and a place shall be ready. JOHN SNYDER, Minister.

The Church of the Unity, of St. Louis, desires to second the invitation of the Church of the Messiah to the Western Churches. It is glad of the prospect of their visit, and in the hope that it will give new stimulus, and clearer, higher aims to our united work. It wishes to do what it can to make their welcome hearty and their stay pleasant to remember. JOHN C. LEARNED, Minister.

PROGRAMME.

Tuesday, May 3, 1881—7:30 P. M.—Opening Sermon—Rev. Brooke Herford, of Chicago—followed by a social reception of the delegates.

Wednesday, May 4—9-10 A. M.—Devotional meeting, led by Rev. W. C. Gannett, of St. Paul, Minn.

10:00 A. M.—1:00 P. M.—Reports of Officers, Committees, etc.

2:00-3:00 P. M.—Woman's meeting. Reports by Mrs. J. C. Hilton and Miss F. L. Roberts; addresses by Mrs. J. T. Sunderland, Mrs. S. C. Ll. Jones, representatives of the Woman's Auxiliary Conference, and others. At the same hour the ministers will meet for consultation in the vestry below.

3:00-5:00 P. M.—Discussion—"The Unitarian Message," introduced by fifteen minute papers, by Revs. C. W. Wendte and J. T. Sunderland.

7:30-9:00 P. M.—Discussion—"How to Build up Unitarian Churches," introduced by two fifteen minute papers, by Revs. O. Clute and ———, followed by a social reunion.

Thursday, May 5—9:00 A. M.—1:00 P. M.—Meeting of the Sunday School Society.

2:00-3:00 P. M.—Continuation of the woman's meeting, ministers' meeting and committee meetings.

3:00-5:00 P. M.—Transaction of business and discussion of future plans.

7:30-9:00 P. M.—Platform meetings, short addresses by laymen and others.

Friday, May 6—Excursions, etc.

RAILROAD RATES.

All the lines centering in St. Louis will carry delegates to the Conference, and back again, for one fare and a third. They pay full fare to St. Louis, and get return ticket for one-third. Similar rates, it is expected, will be secured on the lines leading into Chicago.

For particulars and programme, address the Secretary.

Once more, friends, we urge you to accept our invitation to come and participate in our annual council. We need each other.

JENK. LL. JONES,

Sec'y Western Unitarian Conference.

40 MADISON ST., CHICAGO, ILL., April 16, 1881.

WESTERN UNITARIAN S. S. SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society will be held in connection with the Western Conference at St. Louis, the entire morning of Thursday, May 5, being devoted to Sunday School interests. The meeting will be opened by Rev. J. C. Learned, President. Following the Annual Report of the Secretary, there will be discussion of the following themes, each introduced by a fifteen-minute talk: The Lesson-Side of the Sunday School; The Worship-Side; Relations of the Sunday School and Congregation; The Work and Needs of the Western Sunday School Society. No essays will be read. It is hoped that a free interchange of experience, the comparison of methods and experiments tried, will be found helpful and suggestive. The aim will be to make it a real Conference in the interest of our Sunday School work.

F. L. HOSMER, *Secretary.*

NEW UNITY PUBLICATIONS (NEARLY READY).

UNITY SERVICES AND SONGS. Parts I. and II., by J. Vila Blake. The edition of Part I. is exhausted, and hereafter will be published only in connection with Part II.

SCRIPTURES OLD AND NEW—Arranged by "H. M. S." and "F. L. H." Reprinted from UNITY.

RESPONSIVE READINGS, for Ministers and Congregations. Twenty-eight Services; arranged by Rev. T. B. Forbush.

The above books will be ready about the first of May, and we hope to have samples of them at the Annual Meetings of the Western Unitarian Conference and the Western Unitarian Sunday School Society, to be held at St. Louis, Mo., May 3-5, 1881.

Let us make our opinions as true as possible, whether they are old or new, conservative or radical. Truth for authority, not authority for truth.—*Lucretia Mott.*

Our unwise purposes are wisely crossed.—*Alice Cary.*

UNITY RECEIPTS.

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SCRIPTURES, OLD AND NEW.

COMPILED BY F. L. H.

PATRIOTISM.

- V. Longfellow's "The Building of the Ship"—
 "Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!"
 Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto vi—
 "Breathes there the man with soul so dead":
 Wordsworth's *Poems dedicated to National Independence and Liberty*, works, Vol. iii,
 pp. 64-134. Little, Brown & Co.'s Ed.: 7 vols.
 Edward Everett Hale's "The Man without a Country."

By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down; yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hung our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof. For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us asked of us mirth: "Sing us one of the songs of Zion." How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning! If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy!
 —[*Psalms cxxvii.*]

Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: may they prosper that love thee! Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces! For my brethren and companions' sake will I say, Peace be within thee.
 —[*Psalms cxvii.*]

O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee,—how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!
 —*Jesus.* [*Luke xiii.*]

Wherefore now, manfully changing this life, I will show myself such an one as my age requireth, and leave a notable example to such as be young, to die willingly and courageously for the honorable and holy laws. . . . And thus this man (Eleazar) died, leaving his death for an example of a noble courage, and a memorial of virtue, not only to young men, but unto all his nation.
 —*I Maccabees vi.* [*1st cent. B. C.*]

I think I see place and duties for a nobleman in every society; but it is not to drink wine and ride in a fine coach, but to guide and adorn life for the multitude by forethought, by elegant studies, by perseverance, by self-devotion, by making his life secretly beautiful.

I call upon you, young men, to obey your heart, and be the nobility of this land. In every age of the world there has been a leading nation, one of a more generous sentiment, whose eminent citizens were willing to stand for the interests of general justice and humanity, at the risk of being called, by the men of the moment, chimerical and fantastic. Which should be that nation but these States? . . . The timidity of our public opinion is our disease, or, shall I say, the publicness of opinion, the absence of private opinion. Good-nature is plentiful, but we want justice, with heart of steel, to fight down the proud. The private mind has the access to the totality of goodness and truth, that it may be a balance to a corrupt society; and to stand for the private verdict against popular clamor, is the office of the noble. . . . Nothing is mightier than we, when we are vehicles of a truth before which the State and the individual are alike ephemeral.
 —*Emerson.* [*The Young American.*]

The glory of battles is ascribed to the leaders in history; theirs are the laurels of immortality. And yet on meeting the danger, they knew that, alive or dead, their name would upon the lips of the people forever live. How different, how much purer, is the light spread on the image of thousands of the people's sons, who, knowing that where they fell they would lie unknown, their names unhonored and unsung, nevertheless, animated by the love of Freedom and Fatherland, went on calmly, singing national anthems, against the batteries whose cross-fire vomited death and destruction on them! . . . And so they died by thousands, the unnamed demi-gods!
 —*Louis Kossuth.*

In our halls is hung
 Armory of the invincible knights of old:
 We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
 That Shakspeare spake—the faith and morals hold
 Which Milton held. In everything we are sprung
 Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.
 —*Wordsworth.*

We sit here in the Promised Land
 That flows with Freedom's honey and milk;
 But 'twas they won it, sword in hand,
 Making the nettle danger soft for us as silk.

I with uncovered head salute the sacred dead,
 Who went and who return not.—Say not so!
 'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
 But the high faith that failed not by the way;
 Virtue treads paths that end not with the grave;
 No bar of endless night exiles the brave:

I see them muster in a gleaming row,
 With ever-youthful brows that nobler show;
 We find in our dull road their shining track;
 In every nobler mood

We feel the orient of their spirit glow,
 Part of our life's unalterable good,
 Of all our saintlier aspiration;

They come transfigured back,
 Secure from change in their high-hearted ways,
 Beautiful evermore, and with the rays
 Of morn on their white Shields of Expectation!

O Beautiful! my Country! ours once more!
 Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair
 O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,

And letting thy set lips,

Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,
 The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,—
 What words divine of lover or of poet
 Could tell our love and make thee know it,

Among the Nations bright beyond compare?

What were our lives without thee?

What all our lives to save thee?

We reck not what we gave thee;

We will not dare to doubt thee,

But ask whatever else, and we will dare!

—*James Russell Lowell.* [*Commemoration Ode.*]

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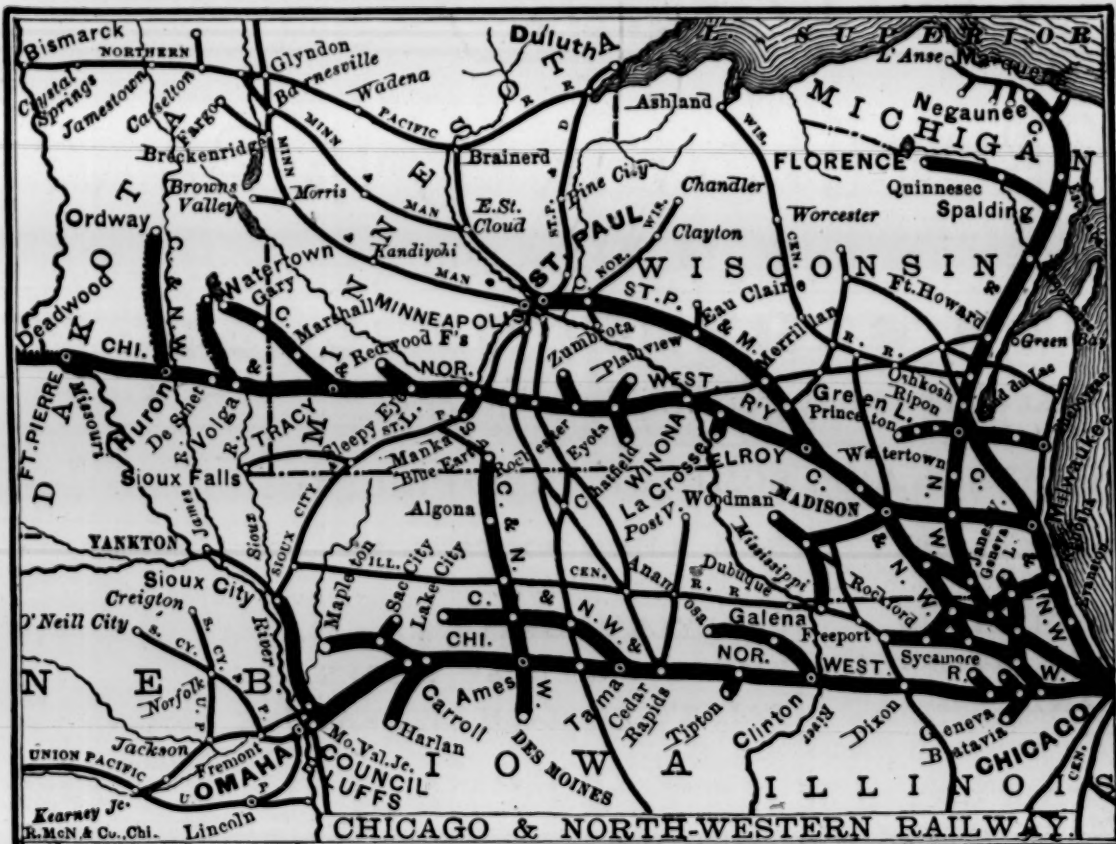
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